



The Flying Trunk

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE

Chapter IV.

"'Among the Danish beech groves near the Baltic sea,' began the earthenware jar—

"'Oh, goody, that's the kind of story we like,' sang out the plates along the wall.

"'Yes, that was where I spent my childhood days. The house was kept in such good order. The furniture was so bright and clean. The windows were like mirrors—'

"'Oh what a beautiful story,' chorused the hair broom, the water pail and the plates altogether. So the earthenware jar went on with her story to the end and everybody was glad to have heard it.

"'Now what shall we do next?' called the tea urn.

"'I'll dance,' cried the fire-tongs. And she danced right merrily.

"'Oh, mercy,' said the matches to each other; how common these people are.'

"Then the tea-urn was asked to sing, but she had a very bad cold.

"'H'm,' said the old quill pen on the window ledge. 'If tea-urns can't sing, why not ask the nightingale just outside the window to come in and sing for us?'

"'Tish, tush,' called the tea kettle, who always considered it his special right to do all the singing. 'I am ashamed of any one suggesting that we ask a foreigner to help in our entertainment.'

"'I am sorry, too,' said the turfbasket, 'that such a thing should be mentioned. Let's turn everything topsy-turvy. Let's have a new order of things.'

"'Good,' they all cried together. 'We'll make a great noise and disturb the whole house.'

"Just as they were preparing to turn night into day with their fun the kitchen door opened and in walked the servant. Everything was as still as a mouse. There wasn't a sound anywhere. The girl went right over to the shelf and took the matches down. In striking one, the whole bunch caught fire, flew into a great blaze, sputtered and made everything very bright for a minute. Then they died out.

"The wonderful matches of high descent were gone forever. The humble iron pot, the turf basket, the old quill pen and the tea kettle were there just as good as ever."

Did the king and queen like the story and would they let the merchant's son marry their daughter? Wait and see.

(To be continued.)

NO LABOR-SAVING MACHINE

By Walt Whitman.

No labor-saving machine,
Nor discovery have I made;
Nor will I be able to leave behind
me any wealthy bequest to found a
hospital or library.

Nor reminiscence of any deed of
courage, for America,

Nor literary success, nor intellect
—nor book for the book-shelf;

Only a few carols, vibrating
through the air, I leave,

For comrades and lovers.

GINGER JUMBLES

Into two cups of molasses stir a
cup of melted shortening, a teaspoon-
ful of ground cinnamon, a tablespoon
of pulverized ginger and half a tea-
spoon of baking soda. Beat well, add
enough flour to make a soft dough;
form with floured hands into small
cakes and bake.